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GOLD AND SILVER

BY
E. ALICE PIERCE, C.



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GOLD AND SILVER

By

B. ALICE PIERSON

"I counsel thee to buy of me gold
tried in the fire, that thou mayest
be rich."

DEDICATION

To all the "great and humble souls"
Who shared with me their fond affection;
And to the "dead and living,"
Who had a part in the moulding
And uplifting of my character.

INTRODUCTORY.

That I was not born with a "gold" or even "silver spoon" in my mouth, I deem fortunate; for out of my struggles, trials and disappointments, came the issues of this book.

B. Alice Pierson.

PROPHECY.

In my early childhood, I remember writing with my forefinger, the word LOVE, on window panes, desks, etc. Not until my fortieth year was reached, did this revelation come to me: The frosted window panes, represent cold hearts, to be melted by the warm finger of love; the dusty desks, souls steeped in degradation and sin, to be saved by the power of love. May this prove prophetic to the extent that my influence in that direction, may be felt through my pen; and that I may attain to that "perfect love," which casteth out fear, and which flows in sympathy to all mankind.

MY FIRST POEM.

When a child at school, we were asked by the teacher, to write about objects in the room. To me, was assigned, a certain picture of which I wrote the following:

“Mr. and Mrs. Moore,
Are standing by the door,
Gazing at their baby girl,
Lying beside their pet dog Pearl,
Sound asleep, upon the floor.”

Upon examining the papers, the teacher raised his brow in surprise, saying:

“Alice, you’ll surely be a poet!”

Out of the entire room, mine was the only poetry.

A PLEA FOR ORPHANS.

O Thou Great God, Creator of all things, Thou who hast dominion over all wherein is the breath of life, accept this plea on behalf of all orphan children. Without Thee, they would have no existence, for Thou didst bring them into being. Yea, in the removal of their parents, Thou too, hadst a part. O Thou Loving Father, wilt Thou not justly claim them as Thy children, clasping them tenderly to Thy bosom. O Thou Merciful God, wilt Thou not succor them in their bereavement. O Thou Bountiful Giver, wilt Thou not provide food and raiment for their bodies. O Thou Tender Shepherd, wilt Thou not protect those tender lambs, sheltering them from cold and harm. O Thou Gracious Redeemer, wilt Thou not forgive their inbred sin, redeeming their souls from bondage and destruction. Hear this, O God, for the sake of Thine own dear Son. Amen.

GOD'S POOR.

One morning, I prayed to God to send me five dollars for my poorest friend, an aged invalid. Then started out to visit a widow, in the opposite direction. Though dressed for the country, with a parcel in hand, I suddenly changed my mind and went to see my richest friend, who lived in another direction.

After dinner, while driving toward the city, my wealthy friend handed me a five dollar bill, which I took the next morning to my dear old friend. When I gave it to her, she wept for joy, saying, God sent that through you, my dear child, as I am now dependent upon Him, for even necessities.

“A word fitly spoken is like apples of
gold in pictures of silver.”

A golden vein from the ore of Solomon's precious mine. More people talk “too much” than “too little.” We are annoyed by the “chatter-box,” while the still small voice, rests us. But nothing so delights, as the right word, spoken at the right time. It is sure to count.

“Silver and gold have I none;
but such as I have give I thee.”

An example of the stalwart faith of the Apostle Peter
For the lame man to “rise up and walk,” was far
better than “Silver and Gold.”

“Cold cash” may pay the doctor’s fee, and procure the
medicine, but faith in God’s power to heal, is of far
greater worth.

HOLINESS UNTO THE LORD

Zech. 14:20.

A page from the Book of Life. As a child, I attended a church, where the text, "Holiness unto the Lord," appeared over the pulpit. The memory of that "golden motto," is deeply enshrined within my soul. Such words are of infinite value. Would that churches might pay more heed to the deep and holy things of God. Then, folks being impressed, might strive to worship in the beauty of holiness.

A FRIEND LOVETH AT ALL TIMES.

Prov. 17:17.

A silken thread from Solomon's skein of wisdom. There are friends and friends. Friends merciful and friends mercenary. Friends of prosperity, and friends of adversity. Those of honor, wealth, fame, etc., but the one who counts most, the "true friend" who is ever willing and ready, through sympathy, to lend eyes, ears, hands, heart and purse. Who remembers "his friends," at a throne of grace.

FRIENDSHIP.

There are friends of gold, and silver too,
And some as true as steel;
Here's one who is a friend to you,
May love our friendship seal.

PURIFICATION.

I neither murmur nor complain,
But lightly bear my cross of pain;
For by and by, when I've been tried,
I'll go to join the purified.

AS GOLD

"But He knoweth the way that I take;
when he hath tried me, I shall come
forth as gold."

I know not why I here must stay,
And spend my precious youth;
Why not to foreign fields away,
To scatter seeds of truth.

I know not why from friends I'm torn,
To dwell from men apart;
When to be mingled with the throng,
Would gladden my poor heart.

I know not why so much I've lost,
Of aught that can befall;
And yet I dare not count the cost,
While Christ is all in all.

WHAT THOUGH?

“For I know that my Redeemer liveth,
and that He shall stand at the latter
day upon the earth.”

What though He bids me stand and wait,
I thereby serve Him too;
I'll reach as soon the golden gate,
As bright, will be my view.

What though my friends be weeded out,
And I be left alone,
In fertile soil things better sprout;
He claims me for His own.

What though my losses heavy be,
In things both great and small,
'Twas He who gave, why should not He,
Have right to their recall.

C O U R A G E.

"I can do all things, through
Christ which strengtheneth me."

Grant me a faith in Thee, oh Lord,
Faith that shall never fail;
Faith to believe Thy Holy Word,
Life's stormy sea to sail.

Give me a hope in Thee, oh Lord,
Hope that shall never sink;
Hope that the darkest stream may ford,
Never of fear to think.

Send me a courage bold, oh Lord,
Like the Apostle, Paul;
Faith, hope and courage be restored,
By Him, who's Lord of all.

LIGHT

"Light is sown for the righteous and
gladness for the upright in heart."

We need to bask in the sunlight,
Of God's eternal love;
To light the way for others,
Who long for realms above.

We need to shine in the darkness,
Of earth's chaotic sin;
Reflect a gleam for travelers,
Whose souls to Christ we'd win.

We need to beam with the gladness,
Of heaven's supernal joy;
To prove His powers of blessing,
That others might enjoy.

BRAVER, TRUER, STRONGER.

Would you make a man a coward,
By being one yourself?
No, make another braver,
By being brave yourself.

Would you cause another's failure,
By being false yourself?
No, make another truer,
By being true yourself.

Would you make another weaker,
By being weak yourself?
No, make another stronger,
By being strong yourself.

BETTER, NOBLER, PURER.

Do you wish the world were better?
Try being good, yourself;
And you will find the world
Is better than you dreamed.

Do you wish that men were nobler?
Be noble then, yourself;
And you will find that men
Are nobler than you thought.

Do you wish mankind were purer?
Try being true, yourself;
And you will find mankind
Far truer than you knew.

AWAKE AND SOAR!

Awake, my soul, awaken!
Respond with sacred song;
Loud praises send to Heaven,
Your sweetest notes prolong;
Thine ear detect the music,
And thou shalt holier be.

Look up, my soul, look upward!
Inhale a purer air;
Forget the flesh and earthly,
Be free from mortal care;
Thine eye behold the vision,
And thou shalt purer live.

Soar up, my soul, soar higher!
Into the realms of bliss;
Until you meet an angel,
And greet her with a kiss;
Your heart respond to rapture,
And thou shalt higher soar!

REST FOR SOULS.

Souls that are sad,
Souls that are mad,
Burdened and sore distressed;
Turn to your God,
Bow 'neath the rod,
"Come, I will give you rest."

Weary and worn,
Bleeding and torn,
Tortured by fear and dismay;
Kneel down and pray,
Hear Him now say:
"Lo, I am with you alway."

Grieve not the lost,
Count not the cost,
Seek what shall never fade;
Look up and live!
He'll comfort give,
Oh, trust and "be not afraid."

A SOLEMN APPEAL.

O Lord Jesus !
Hold me in the hollow of Thy hand;
Lose not Thy grasp.

O Precious Saviour !
Keep me near the core of Thy heart;
Leave me not comfortless.

O Kind Shepherd !
Watch over Thy tender lamb;
Keep her within Thy fold.

O Adored King !
Reign over me in every part;
May Thy power enthrall me.

O Awful Majesty !
Gaze upon me with that eye that never sleeps;
Let me not slothful be.

O Supreme Guide !

Lead me through the paths I know not;

Let my feet not stray.

O Great Physician!

Heal my sore afflictions;

May I not be maimed.

O Stern Pilot!

Steer my bark o'er troubled waves;

Let me not sink in despair.

O Divine Creator !

Love me with an everlasting love;

And let me dwell at last in Heaven with Thee.

SPIRITUAL WEALTH.

"Hearken, my beloved brethren:
Hath not God chosen the poor of this world
rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom
which He has promised to them that love Him?"

The rich may not acquire
The wealth of simple faith,
The substance of things hoped for.

The rich may not discern,
The wealth of blessed hope,
Which maketh not ashamed.

The rich may not possess
The wealth of sacred love,
The fulfilling of the law.

The rich may not accrue
The wealth of holy joy,
Which the world cannot give.

The rich may not receive
The wealth of perfect peace,
Which passeth understanding.

The rich may not obtain
The wealth of sovereign grace,
Given to the lowly.

The rich may not attain
The wealth of noble strength,
Made perfect in weakness.

The rich may not desire
The wealth of Jesus Christ;
The Saviour of the world.

“Charge them that are rich in this world,
that they be not highminded, nor trust in
uncertain riches, but in the living God,
who giveth us richly all things to enjoy.”

JOY.

My heart a message of joy would bring,
My soul with rapturous joy would sing;
Joy, exceeding great joy.

My tongue its praises of joy would speak,
My will for others such joy would seek;
Joy, exceeding great joy.

My hands a rhythm of joy would play,
In joy obediently live each day;
Joy, exceeding great joy.

My feet swift steppings of joy would take,
On willing errands for Jesus' sake;
Joy, exceeding great joy.

My life rich blessings of joy would give,
That all might have of this joy and live;
Joy, exceeding great joy.

BEYOND THE HILL.

Eagerly climbing the hill of wealth,
Seeking for gain, perhaps by stealth;
Losing oftentimes, our precious health.

Anxiously climbing the hill of fame,
Seeking perchance a lasting name;
Winning it may be, one of shame.

Though traveling onward many a mile,
For wealth and fame, or even style,
All come to naught, we learn erstwhile.

Patiently plods the weary soul,
Anxious to reach the top, his goal,
Ere doth break the golden bowl.

For just a little beyond the hill,
Is that which can all hopes fulfill,
If we obey the Master's will.

And though to some it may sound odd,
The longer we the pathway trod,
The shorter seems the way to God.

IF LOVED.

It's nice to have some one to love you,
Though it be but a tiny boy;
It tendeth toward making joy.

It's nice to have some one to love you,
It may be a maiden fair;
Which indeed, is a pleasure rare.

It's nice to have some one to love you,
It may be a lover true;
Distilling heavenly dew.

It's nice to have some one to love you,
If indeed a husband dear;
Having power the heart to cheer.

It's nice to have some one to love you,
Yes, even a parent fond;
An indissoluble bond.

It's nice to have some one to love you,
It may be a loving friend;
The faithful love to the end.

HOPE, FAITH, LOVE.

Hope is bright silver,
Faith, pure gold;
Love, a jewel rare.

Hope is rich Autumn,
Faith, warm Spring;
Love, like Summer fair.

Hope is pure thought,
Faith, kind words;
Love, a noble deed.

Hope is the branch,
Faith, the vine;
Love, the fruit, indeed.

Hope is a child,
Faith, the youth;
Love, a full grown man.

Hope says, "I may,"
Faith, "I can";
Love, "I gladly will."

WAITING

To live that I might die,
To know the how and why;
To feel another's sigh,
To greet Him by and by.

To hear the gospel call,
To work for good to all;
To heed whate'er the cost,
To meet my loved and lost.

To love both friend and foe,
To share another's woe;
To watch the shadows grow,
To reap from seeds I sow.

To learn that I might teach,
To help within my reach;
To speak kind words of cheer,
To dry the mourner's tear.

To tell of joys untold,
To see the books unfold;
To play on harps of gold,
To sing the songs of old.

To prove His precious love,
To taste the sweets above;
To pray for all mankind,
To seek and thus to find.

To feed the tender lambs,
To give the needy alms;
To trust in death's dark hour,
To reach the blissful shore.

To sow that I might reap,
To wake His watch to keep;
To earn that I might give,
To die that I might live.

DAY UNTO DAY.

"Day unto day uttereth speech, and night
unto night sheweth knowledge."

Each day passes over,
Each night cometh on;
Life's tide ebbing lower,
Life's journey soon done.
We wake in the morning,
We sleep in the night;
Scarce heeding the warning,
To "do with thy might."

For life has its trouble,
Through which we must go;
Some seem to have double,
Their share of its woe;
Then let us be doing,
The best that we know;
Let others be mowing,
From seeds that we sow.

BEAUTY AND GOODNESS.

Beauty is great, goodness is greater; but
beauty and goodness, is the greatest combination.

Beauty is admired,
Goodness praised;
Beauty and goodness, adored,
Beauty is noticed,
Goodness recognized;
Beauty and goodness, appreciated.
Beauty attracts,
Goodness, persuades;
Beauty and goodness, compels.
Beauty, charms,
Goodness, inspires,
Beauty and goodness blesses.
Beauty lends interest,
Goodness, strength;
Beauty and goodness, power.

LOVE'S SWEET REFRAIN.

It may feed a heart that is famished,
Like a flower refreshed by the dew.

It may cheer the lonely spirit,
Like the touch of vibrant chords.

It may flood one's soul with rapture,
Like the swelling of the tide.

It may fall from the lips of a singer,
Like the sunbeam upon a rose.

It may flash from the mind of a genius,
Like a meteor in the skies.

It may waft on the winds of Summer,
Like strains from a sweet-toned harp.

It may chord in the realm of Nature,
Like the fountain's rippling flow.

It may 'tune to the dawns splendor,
Like the sun at its glorious rise.

It may pitch to the noon-tide golden,
Like the fire's radiant glow.

It may float in the misty twilight,
Like a barque on the silvery wave.

It may blend with the gentle evening,
Like the sunset fading low.

It may soar at the holy mid-night,
Like the swish of an angel's wing.

DIVINE LOVE.

It can feed the soul that's hungry,
This heavenly manna sweet.

It can quench the thirsty traveler,
'Tis a most refreshing spring.

It can cure the mind of madness,
A wondrous, healing balm.

It can cheer a soul in sadness,
By the whisper of a prayer.

It can free the soul from bondage,
Even burst the prison bar.

It can raise the fallen woman,
Just like Magdalene of yore.

It can check the raging fever,
Has power to raise the dead.

It can still the mighty tempest;
Did He not calm the waves?

It can soothe a soul in sickness,
As a mother lulls her babe.

It can rest the soul that's weary,
Like the vision in a dream.

It can 'wake the soul to gladness,
Such as holy angels sang.

It can make of earth, an Eden,
Oh, great transforming Love.

A GLIMPSE OF MY SAVIOUR.

Oh, for a glimpse of my Saviour,
To know He is thinking of me;
How it might change my behaviour,
A veritable saint I might be.

Oh, could I endure the brightness,
Of a face so radiant as His!
To know when I gaze on His likeness,
He my Lord and Master is.

Oh, for a token of gladness,
A beam from those eyes so bright,
A balm for any sadness,
'Twould be a wonderful sight!

Oh, for a glimpse of my Saviour!
A smile from that tender mouth,
To me the greatest favor,
That might be granted youth.

Oh, that I might see Jesus!
To feel His presence near;
But then I know He sees us,
And watches us with care.

LIFTED UP.

The Son of God was lifted up,
When a mother worn with care,
Knelt down and taught her baby boy,
To lisp a tiny prayer.

The Son of God was lifted up,
When amid a busy throng,
A beggar, blind and blue with cold,
Brought from his soul a song.

The Son of God was lifted up,
By Magdalene of yore,
When stooping low to touch His hem,
Was told, "Go, sin no more."

The Son of God was lifted up,
Out on the battle field,
When a soldier gave his very life,
His loved at home to shield.

The Son of God was lifted up
By Him, whose name is Peace;
Who put the enemy to rout,
And bade all wars to cease.

HOW TRUE.

The goblet, may be "golden lined,"
but if the water be stagnant,
it is nauseating; while the cooling
draught, though drank from a
"rusty tin," may be refreshing.

A TRIPLE LOVE.

There's a love for the body,
A love for the mind,
A love for the soul that be;
But thrice blest the man, if he ever find,
One in whom he can love all three.

A TRUE MAN'S PRAYER.

O God, Thou who didst create the first woman, and gave her to Adam for a helpmate, I implore Thee: Send to me, or cause to cross my pathway, a woman; noble, sincere; one whose love I shall be worthy of.

May the divine instinct of love be so strong, that we shall know each other at a glance. Sanction, I pray Thee, the union, that we may live for each other; being sympathetic companions, in mind and soul, that through the inspiration of deep affection and appreciation, our highest and holiest impulses may be developed.

Give us O Father, the offspring of love; and grant that our children may arise and call us blessed.

A TRUE WOMAN'S PRAYER.

Thou Great Father of All, who didst create the first man in Thine own image, and who also created me that I might fulfill my sacred destiny in becoming a noble wife and tender mother, I beseech Thee: Bring it about in Thine own way and time, that I shall meet, and know, the mate whom thou hast chosen and intended for me from the beginning. A manly man, who shall be honorable; one to whom I may look for protection and companionship: one who shall be the respected father of our offspring. May Thy divine blessing attend the union, and may we both live to see our children's children.

HUMAN HARPS.

Men are like harps, varying in size, quality and condition; and like harps become discordant by a sudden jar or storm. The strings, according to the different temperaments, may be golden, silken, silver, copper, steel or gut; the finer strings may be out of tune, the others rusted or broken.

Concord and discord in man is felt by others. The perfectly pitched and sweetly tuned man rests and comforts by his presence, while one who is not in tune, grates upon our sensibilities. It is a man's duty to be ever alert lest he get out of tune. As a harpist tries to keep his harp in perfect accord, so should a man be eager to restore harmony to his being. Be a self stringed man! A true musician, competent to keep your instrument in perfect tune, by the aid of selfcontrol, patience and prayer; and life to you will be one grand sweet harmony.

REJECTED MANUSCRIPTS.

Every one who has ever aspired to composition of any kind, knows the feeling that attends one upon the first return of a manuscript.

Like other things this may be overcome, and little attention paid when lines are refused, for which reasons are not always given. It may be, they had no use for that particular article. A ready supply is ever at the desk, so that they are not in need of yours. Again, one man may refuse what another would have welcomed. One refuses for lack of space, while another accepts because of suitable space. Sometimes, because your name had not won merit, yours was shoved aside and preference given to a previous contributor. Bear in mind, that some of the "greatest works" were "refused several times" before published. "Be not weary in well doing, for in due time ye shall reap, if ye faint not." It may be through patience, your wreath of laurel shall be won.

WOMEN.

The saying that "Happy women have no histories," need not necessarily imply that in order to tell the story of one's life, she must be wretched or unhappy.

There are three classes of women: The trivial woman, who sips but the froth from the cup of life; caring only for her own selfish joys and amusements. The earnest woman, who drinks the beverage, performing the duties lying nearest, thinking perhaps, but keeping within the domain of her own mind. The serious woman, who drains the cup to its bitter dregs, while, with a mind ever alert, asks herself the question: What am I here for? What is my true mission? Surely, to better myself and do all in my power for the improvement of mankind. This spurs her on continually to encourage others by good advice, taken from shelves carefully kept in her closet of experience; and when wisdom prompts, obeys the call, and writes for the world: not knowing who may read, or whether she may live to be her own proof reader; but rests content, feeling, that "she did what she could."

STARVATION.

Many people would be surprised to hear that thousands of people starve for love, friendship, kindness, companionship, etc. Starvation does not apply to food only. A husband may be in constant companionship with his wife, yet suffer for lack of reciprocation upon her part, in matters of love, mentality, spirituality, etc. One or the other suffers because of lack of appreciation of effort, qualities, sacrifices, etc. The wife, whose husband's position takes him from his fireside, cannot help but suffer from privation and companionship; for her, the days and weeks drag heavily by, longing for the presence and caresses of him whom she promised to "love and cherish" until death. Aged persons, starve for kindness from their children; likewise children from parents. To children desirous of play, it is a punishment to keep them from associating with other children. Oh, that the starved might all be fed, and such suffering be removed, for it is really pitiable.

May God create in us more love, that others might be fed.

LEAVES.

How vast the scope of study in Nature, there is found in a single leaf. Leaves, represent beings; trees, the world, which they inhabit. Leaves, vary as to size, shape and age, so that no two may be found exactly alike; disfigured ones, growing along with the perfect ones. The harmonious shading, representing the beauty and life of man; the delicate tinting, portraying the culture and refinement of man. The charming coloring, according with the knowledge and power of man. The green, infancy, in all its freshness and promise; the red, youth, with its ambition and pride; the brown, the man of reason and experience; the yellow, old age, with its subsequent death. Like people, some grow side by side, while others never come in contact with one another. According as each has fulfilled its mission, whether of use or beauty, it falls to earth; the high and lofty, fluttering by the side of the low and humble, to be crushed under foot, and buried in the same dust. Great are the inspirations drawn from leaves, by true artists and poets, to whom, their rustle, means a language which only the Great Interpreter can speak to the listening ears of hungry souls who must be divinely fed.

PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE.

Memory, takes us back over the path already trodden. Necessity, compels us to recognize the conditions of the present. Hope, that great eye of the soul, looks forward with telescopic vision, gazing into the dim far away future. Not so far away either, for time flies, and the great things that seemed to have happened but yesterday are already upon the printed pages of history. We are ageing rapidly, but would endeavor to deceive even ourselves, and say, "not so," for was I not a child a little while ago! Yes, but a little while, and you shall be an aged sire. When does time seem to move most rapidly? When we are at our best, making the most of ourselves; in other words, fully occupied.

The child, anticipates youth; the youth, is anxious for manhood; but somehow, manhood dreads old age, and why? Is it not perfectly natural to grow and progress. And since each day that we have lived, counted in the standard that we represent, can we not work without worry, pray without ceasing, hope without discouragement, and we shall find it better farther on; grown in grace, knowledge and experience; fully equipped for any call that may come to us, yea, even the call of time, Death.

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GOLD FOLKS.

There are people like gold,
Who wear long and well;
Good without, and pure within.

BRASS FOLKS.

There are people like brass,
Whose shine soon wears off;
False without, and base within.

MONEY.

Did you ever think how funny,
People act because of money?
Yet without it we are sad,
And to get it always glad.

Men for it choose suicide,
Many for it take a bride;
It does often cause a theft,
Yet a friend to one bereft.

From my hand to yours it goes,
To the next a gift bestows;
Pays the servant for his hire,
Buys the coal to keep a fire.

If you owe a man a bill,
And can't pay, it makes you ill;
When you meet upon the street,
He may even call you "beat."

But should you fall heir to cash,
And a roll be seen to flash,
You may pay your honest debts,
And no one express "regrets."

What are people without money?
Only Billy, Dick or Johnny,
But when they have wealth to spend,
"This is Richard Jones, my friend."

LOVE'S TRIUMPH

Describe, if you will, the meeting
Of two of the opposite sex;
Whose glances keen and fleeting,
Might any one perplex.

Two souls see in each other,
A reflection of their own;
The impulse, some may smother,
And think the bird has flown.

But the wings of love still flutter,
The dove of peace seeks rest;
The divine in each would utter,
The emotion of the breast.

Describe if you may, the parting,
Of these lovers fond and true;
With eyes like arrows darting,
Bespeaking, "I love you."

Two hearts that blend together,
Till melting into one;
As light as weight of feather,
Love's conquest has been won.

Even silence, gives a token,
As their souls with rapture thrill!
While a twin thought, nothing spoken,
Is the Master's, "Peace, be still."

THE MOURNING DOVE

While walking in my garden,
To pluck a rose or two,
My ear acute attracted,
A woeful dove's soft coo

I glanced in the direction,
Which proved to be my roof,
And there observed the widow,
As such was given proof

Doubt not I could interpret,
Her message sad and low;
So deep was the impression,
I fain to her would go.

Fair lady in the garden,
Please listen to my woe;
I had a mate to cheer me,
But he has gone, I know.

Fair lady, in the garden,
With all your grace and speech,
Can you not use your power,
My absent mate to reach?

Ah, mournful dove, I understand,
Your tone so sweet, yet sad;
And wish that I might have the power,
Again to make you glad.

But let me whisper, why I know,
So well just how you feel;
For you, as well as others,
My sympathy is real.

I too, once had a lover,
Just as you say you had,
Another smiled upon him,
He made another glad.

And like yourself, I mourn for him,
And shall while life will last;
My tears are shed in silence,
For him I pray and fast.

But God would have us suffer,
While here on earth we live;
Our pain and anguish differ,
When we experience give.

But who bears a cross in patience,
Of all his children blest,
Will reach at last the haven
Of peace and perfect rest.

THE FAMILY ALBUM

How oft have we in days of yore,
Leafed the album o'er and o'er;
Next to the sacred Bible old,
Was prized the album, more than gold.

First came Mother, when a bride,
With Father standing by her side;
Then Granny, in her plain attire,
Arms linked and smiling by her sire.

The next was Uncle "Jake" and wife,
With "Baby Willie" true to life;
Then Aunt "Jemima," Uncle "Abe,"
With Cousin "Martha" when a babe.

A "distant friend" by name of "Lee,"
Who met with shipwreck out at sea;
And Granny's Cousin, "Susan Hyde,"
Disgraced us all by "suicide."

A soldier brave, who wouldn't wed,
Is now enlisted with the dead;
While "Betsey Anna," "getting old,"
Is worth her weight, they say, in gold.

"Our second cousin," young and fair,
Her wealth, a head of golden hair;
Another one with conscious look,
That says, "I'm havin' my pictur' took."

By the side of Cousin Grace,
Was preserved an empty space;
('Twas intended for her beau,
But it never happened so.)

There's sister "Manda" in her hat,
Holding in her lap a cat;
The simple turning of a page,
Shows even "Polly" in her cage.

Because he tried to not keep still,
A "Movie" of our brother "Bill."
And last, well you would never gness,
It's me in my best "Sunday dress."

Time has sadly worn the book,
Seldom do we in it look;
But the older that I grow,
The better I the "story" know.

INSPIRED POETRY

So many themes to write about,
Yet hard to please, without a doubt;
Come muses gay from Fairyland,
Surround me now on every hand,
And I will yield to thy command;
Oh, here they come, a fairy band!

Now hasten, shall it be of love,
As pure and bright as stars above?
Of fortune, fame or beauty?
Of trials, pain or duty?
I gladly wait upon thy will,
In order to reveal my skill.

A thought! as though a dream by day,
Conveys me back to childhood gay;
Ah! what more innocent and bright,
Could be my theme of which to write?
Inspire me now as ne'er before,
To extol upon the days of yore.

Who has not seen the happy time!
Who has not read the nursery rhyme!
Who does not wish, though old he be,
To be a child on father's knee;
'Twas then, that we were free from care;
When all to us, seemed bright and fair.

How we obeyed the golden rule,
How pleased were we to go to school;
Until we felt our joys were marred,
By lessons that to us, seemed hard;
And yet, how light, when we compare
Them with our present daily care.

The next important step we took,
Which gave no time for slate or book,
Was play upon the stage of life;
Become a husband or a wife;
To try to do our very best,
And yet, keep only with the rest.

The years speed by and we grow old,
While to the young our tale is told;
The journey will to them be given,
And they like us will too have striven;
We now look forward to a day,
That far surpasses childhood gay.

MY SILVER WEDDING

Twenty-five years, since my "wedding day,"
When I, a bride, sailed "Down the Bay."

Twenty-five years, since I took the vow,
To "love and cherish" till cold the brow.

Twenty-five years, and a parent fond,
For children five have sealed the bond.

Twenty-five years have I stood the storm,
Through Winters cold and Summers warm.

Twenty-five years have I stood the test,
Striving ever to do my best.

Twenty-five years, and a Christian still,
Climbing slowly the rugged hill.

Twenty-five years, and in perfect health,
Far more blessed than fleeting wealth.

Twenty-five years, and many friends,
The greatest boon that heaven sends.

Twenty-five years, and I pray that we
Might meet again beyond the sea.

TWENTY-FIFTH WEDDING ANNIVERSARY

Twenty-five years, and yet how quickly flown,
Since life was young, and ye were made as one;

What then was said to hearts in tender strain,
Like an echo, is heard o'er again.

The rapid stream can never backward flow,
And our lives on the stream of time doth go.

The perfect rose will fade, each leaf decay,
And the time which is past, is past for aye.

Oh then, wish it not back again,
Life's pleasures are keen edged with pain.

Gone with past years is the Summer's green,
But fruitful and golden the Autumn scene;

The flowers of Spring, are sweet and small,
The fairest and largest grow in the Fall;

The sun shines as bright, the sky is as blue
Now, as when ye wed, and love was new.

Then much of life is by time bereft,
Yet much ye hold, if love is left;

For all things of earth shall perish at last,
Love alone remains, when time is past.

CAROLINA N. RICHARDS.

SILVER OR GOLD?

Norma Stratton was a music teacher, church organist and story writer. But, instead of scattering her forces on all three, had she concentrated her powers upon any one of these, she might have won success, or obtained her goal.

Her family, as she said, belonged to the "Silver Set." She wanted to be one of the "Gold." Norma Stratton was a very busy girl. So busy, indeed, that she had no time to waste on "fickle beaus." She had seen, rather than met, and met, rather than knew, "men folks." Yes, she had seen some nice men, met a few good men, but did not know one rich man.

Norma's birthday, (which by the way, was the thirtieth), was approaching, and with this cold fact staring her in the face, Norma paused in her busy career, and said: I shall not celebrate my "thirtieth" at home, to be teased and ridiculed. I'm sick and tired of the epithet, "Old Maid."

Among Norma's friends to whom she might go, there were very few whom she could drop in on, incidentally to celebrate her birthday. Especially, her "thirtieth."

There was one, however, who had really extended to Norma a standing invitation. And this one, proved to be the richest lady of her acquaintance. But was it essential that she should even mention the date of her birth? Of course not.

So Mrs. Chauncy Petite was the chosen friend, whom Norma decided to visit. Time being short, Norma telegraphed Mrs. Petite to expect her friend Norma Stratton, who set about, putting in order her out-fit. Such pressing and fixing, as might make her presentable to "Gold folks." I know what to do, said Norma. When my things get mussed, (and the impression made), I shall stop over for a day, to visit Mrs. Karl Kersey, who by the way, is a member of the "Silver Set." Mrs. Petite, of the "Gold."

When the train rolled into the station, Norma caught a glimpse of Mrs. Petite, with a gentleman who was not her husband. As they met on the platform, Miss Stratton was introduced to Mr. Gifford. When seated in the Petite's touring car, Mrs. Petite said to Norma, Mr. Gifford surprised us last evening. His father being a capitalist in the Metropolis, sent Wade to make a personal

deal with some of our richest land owners. He and Chauncy, roomed together at College. Norma smiled, and nodded, in appreciation of the guest. Mr. Gifford, as both agreed, was a very handsome man. In physique, he was an Apollo, features regular, hair a golden brown. Surrounded on every hand by luxury and cultured people, Norma did not dare to stay long. She pleaded the necessity of an early departure, saying:

I just needed the change for a day from my work, for inspiration. But, as she was preparing to go, Mr. Gifford was going in the same direction, and would be glad to accompany her. Ere she was aware he had bought the tickets, and checked her baggage. Mr. and Mrs. Petite were loth to part so soon, from their delightful friends, but wished them "good luck" till they met again. After they were seated in a Pullman, Miss Stratton said to Mr. Gifford, "I regret very much that you went to that bother and expense as I decided upon leaving, to stop enroute, with a friend over night." I'm sorry I did not know that, as I anticipated traveling together, all the way. I must check your trunk from going through. Oh, never mind, said Norma, as I shall not need it. And ere long, Norma's stop was due, when the two took leave of each other.

Norma Stratton! Of all people, to arrive just in time for my birthday, exclaimed, Mrs. Kersey. Indeed! replied Norma, thinking of her own, also. "My birthday has not been celebrated since we were 'kids.' So the family decided, I should have a 'sure enough' birthday party." We have invited thirty in all. Some, of course, may not come. As it was nearly four o'clock, and more to be done, Norma was sent upstairs to the guest room, until dinner should be announced. Oh, the trunk, said Norma, but as it was not her fault, she made the best of the situation. Luckily, out of respect for her Golden hostess, Norma wore a dainty waist, which must also serve in the celebration of her Silver One's birthday. (And mine, too, thought Norma.) The hours fairly flew, and ere long, dinner was served, and the guests began to assemble. One of the first to arrive, was a gentleman who came by himself, and was introduced to Miss Stratton, as Mr. Duffield. As Norma came unexpectedly, (without an invitation), and Horace expectedly, (without an attendant), the two were set apart, to entertain each other. Horace Duffield, while under forty, was prematurely gray, and often mistaken

for an older man than he really was. His manner, though, was pleasing, and on the whole, he was a very fine character. His eyes were dark brown, his teeth well preserved, his hair a silver gray.

During the evening, Mrs. Kersey, was telling her guests about the joint birthday party, given by their mothers, when Miss Stratton and she were tots of five. Then, as heaping "coals of fire" upon the enemy's head, added: That was twenty-five years ago! And they all knew she was thirty! Even, Mr. Duffield!

However, all spent a pleasant evening, as the guests tried to please their charming hostess, and her visiting friend, Miss Stratton.

Not having her trunk, did matter after all, as Norma wanted to stay longer with her old friend, Anna Kersey, but the next day, with reluctance, they parted.

How Mr. Duffield knew so well, had to be guessed, but strange to say, he was at the depot to see Miss Stratton off. When the train pulled in, Mr. Duffield boarded it too, which was nothing out of the ordinary, except, that he failed to return to the group at the station.

Miss Stratton, said Mr. Duffield, you may be surprised to learn that I am going to visit my sister, who lives in your City. Have been planning to go, and find this opportune. When their destination was reached, both shook hands and parted, but in spirit remained present with each other.

When Norma got home, there was a letter for her, post-marked New York. She had never seen his writing, but intuitively knew it was from Mr. Wade Gifford, and was read with deep interest. Norma told the folks at home about her two visits, birthday party, and the two men she met. Just then, the bell rang, and Mr. Horace Duffield, was announced. Came to see if she got home safe, and pay his respects before leaving the city, as his sister had moved to the Country. Somehow, it just suited to invite him to supper, and somehow, he was asked to spend the evening, and somehow, gained the family's favor, and somehow, won the heart of Norma, whose admiration and aspiration were at sword's points, for Horace Duffield, belonged to the Silver Set, and Wade Gifford, to the Gold. But when the struggle in her heart had ceased, and love had conquered fame, Norma exclaimed: Who cares if heads be Silver, so long as hearts are Gold.

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